" dearest child"; the next, with indignant emphasis, *"Ifadorn/"*

When " The Wandering Heir " had at last exhausted its great popularity, I went on a tour with Charles Reade in several of his plays. In spite of his many and varied interests, he had entirely succumbed to the magic of the " irresistible theatre," and it used to strike me as rather pathetic to see a man of his power and originality working the stage sea at nights, in company with a rough lad, in his dramatic version of " Hard Cash." In this play, which was known as " Our Seamen," I had a part which I could not bear to be paid twenty-five pounds a week for acting. I knew that the tour was not a financial success, and I ventured to suggest that it would be good economy to get some one else for Susan Merlon/ For answer I got a fiery " Madam, you are a rat! You desert a sinking ship !" My dear old companion, Boo, who was with me, resented this very much : " How can you say such things to my Nelly ? "

" Your Nelly !" said Charles Reade. " I love her a thousand times better than you do, or any puling woman/' Another time he grew white with rage, and his dark eyes blazed, because the same " puling woman " said very lightly and playfully: " Why did poor Nell come home from rehearsal looking so tired yesterday ? You work her too hard." He thought this unfair, as the work had to "be done, and flamed out at us with such violence that it was almost impossible to identify him with the kind old gentleman of the Colonel Newcome type whom I had

seen stand up at the Tom Taylors', on Sunday evenings, and sing " The Gir] I Left Behind Me " with such pathos that he himself was moved to tears. But, though it was a painful time for both of us, it was almost worth while to quarrel with him, because when we made it up he was sure to give me some " treat"—a luncheon, a present, or a drive. We both felt